Caught by beratings

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Summary:

Boston, Massachusetts, 1997.

Billy Hargrove started his career as a Boston Police detective at the age of 22, his first case was unsolvable. He was put on the case of the Boston Disciples, a gang that had been running rampant for the past year, selling drugs, and ultimately costing many kids their lives. At the age of 26, 4 years of investigating has brought him to the doorstep of the gang leader. This gang leader was supposedly a tall Asian American man in his late 30s.

Jane Kolkov grew up on the streets, abandoned by her parents, and raised by the men who would ultimately lead her to her throne as the gang leader of the Boston Disciples. She had many nicknames, Silence, Reaper, and Moth were a few, but to her close adversaries, made up of only two members of the gang, she was known as the Ivory Princess of the Boston Disciples. None of these names were approved of or given to her on her own will, but rather spread amongst the gang to instill fear. At the end of the day, Jane allowed them to call her whatever they wanted as long as they brought her the cash and kept the talking to a minimum.

Caught

Boston, Massachusetts, 2001.

Billy Hargrove sat at his desk, engulfing himself in details of the case he'd now been working on for 4 years.

"You're never gonna crack it, Hargrove. Every step you take closer to this guy, he gets more and more ambiguous." Steve Harrington, the prick of the department, sat on the edge of Billy's desk.

"Well, Steve, at least I didn't let a prostitute piss in the back seat of my cruiser," Billy didn't look up.

"Oh, shut the fuck up, Billy," Steve pushed off the desk and trudged away.

Billy stayed focused on the paperwork in front of him. He was close, very close. The man they had in custody was Bobby Ferris, a man who was known to work high up in the Disciples. If he could have just 10 minutes alone with no cameras rolling, he could get this guy to talk. But sergeant wouldn't let it happen. His last resort was a plea bargain. He pushed himself off the desk and walked to the interrogation room.

Billy sat at the desk across from Bobby, the kid was white as a sheet, probably never expected to get caught up in getting arrested, or maybe he did and this was all a ploy.

"Listen, kid. I know you don't want to be caught up in all this shit," Billy started. "I used to be just like you. I never respected the fucking cops, the law could get fucked, I never wanted to play by the rules. I know they teach you on the streets not to rat, but if you give me the information I need I can let you out of here unharmed. I'll give you a whole identity, shit, I'll fund a trip to California for you to live out there. Give me something, here."

"I-" Bobby started, and stopped. "I can't. They call him the Silencer, do you know what he'd do to me? If he even got a whiff of me talking about him I'd be dead, head off my body, dead."

Billy sighed, leaning back.

"I'm not leaving till I get names, kid. Neither are you, work with me."

Bobby sat there, stone-faced, sweating, clearly panicked. They sat there for nearly 10 minutes. The kid had already been locked in this room for 5 hours, he had to have been getting tired of these four walls.

"FINE, FUCK, FINE!" He shouted, leaning in. "You gotta give me some protection though, man. If this dude gets me, I'm done."

Billy nodded. "You're protected, come on. Spill."

"There's a guy, they call him Denim, but I think I heard some dude calling him Jack Hallinger before. I don't know where he lives but I always meet him on Congress street, right by that old hot dog place, he's the guy that got me into this shit. He's always asking me to find new members," Bobby was flustered, his hands visibly shaking. "Fuck, man. You gotta keep me away from this shit, if he finds out I ratted I'm gone."

Billy nodded, feeling a regenerated hope in his chest for this cold case. Billy's face lit up.

Jane's dark brown hair flowed past her shoulders, she sat in her pure white armchair overlooking the view of the city. She was on the 23rd story of her townhouse, the entire wall was made of glass so she could wake up to the sunrise. Behind her was an exposed brick wall, a painting of Frida Kahlo's self-portrait, and under it a real leather couch with a homemade throw. Jane lived wonderfully. Her childhood had been terrible, but with the help of the man who raised her, she became a gang leader living in luxury. She'd heard the things they said about her on the news, but chose to ignore the horror. It technically wasn't her committing these terrible crimes, though she was capable of a lot worse. Now, she was enthralled with her book, living in the fantasy world of Jay Gatsby, thriving on the beauty and horror of Daisy Buchanon's life. A knock on her door startled her from her book. She rolled her eyes, more than likely this was Jack.

She leisurely stepped to the door swinging it open with a grin. "Jackie, boy." She leaned against the frame looking at the tall scruffy man in front of her. "How are you, dear?"

Jack nodded. "Fantastic, and how are you, my dear reaper?"

Jane groaned, "I told you not to call me that." Jack grinned as she let him in.

"Listen, darling, I have news. It's not good news either. You may want to sit down." His voice turned from sweet and smooth like honey to bitter in moments.

"What is it, Jack?"

"It's Peter. One of the guys got... angry. They shot him, he didn't make it."

Peter had been a great friend to Jane, and a personal bodyguard for her. Her knees buckled slightly as tears formed in her eyes.

"Who was it?" Jane's voice was dark, she felt a rage in her chest.

"His name was Victor, he's very very low ranking. We have him in the warehouse."

Jane grabbed her leather jacket from the coat hanger. "Take me to him. Now."

Jane's rage boiled as they got into Jack's Escalade. The windows were tinted, and her sunglasses hid the pain in her eyes. She ran through her mind of viable options to promote, but no one in the gang felt trustworthy at this point. She felt a knot in her stomach and a list of things she wanted to do to this Victor guy was endless. They pulled up to the warehouse, Jane's heart was pounding. She let herself out of the SUV, walked to the back and took out her box of toys. She carried it inside herself, setting it down in front of the man tied up. He was young, already bloodied from the beatings, and blindfolded. She stepped closer and ripped the black mask off of him.

"Who the fuck are you?" Victor was screaming.

"I'm your worst fucking nightmare, baby." With that, Jane slammed her fist down onto his collarbone. "Your name is Victor, right?" She spoke over his agonizing moans. "Well, hi, Victor. My name is Jane Kolkov. You may know me as the Silencer, or the Reaper. Or what's the other one they call me, Jack?"

"Moth."

"Ah, yeah. I never liked that one."

"You're-" Victor started.

"Yeah, yeah, we know. Gasp! He was a she this whole time! Save the theatrics." Jane was feeling her anger boiling in her stomach. "I hear you are the reason that a very good friend of mine is no longer with us. And I want to make sure to send you off properly." With that, she grabbed a chain from her box, walked around Victor and wrapped it around his throat. "You know, a guy once asked me if he could choke me in bed, I thought it would be pretty fun, but I never could get into it. Tell me what you think."

She tightened the chain slowly, watching the purple in his neck slowly creep up his face. Just as he started gasping, she tightened it hard, holding it there for a moment before dropping the chain.

"You know, choking seems a little easy, don't you think?" Jane asked Victor as if he had an option. "I want to go with something a little more medieval. How about..." She paced back to her box, leaning down and grabbing a meat cleaver. "I would go with this, but it seems a bit quick. Oh! I have an idea!" She knelt down in front of Victor, placing her hands on his knees. "What if we see how many times I can stab you before you bleed to death?" With that, she reached down to her boot, taking out her pocket knife and quickly slamming it down into his kneecap. He howled in pain, which forced her to rip it out and stab his other kneecap, his screams got louder.

"I think he's hurting, Jackie," Jane looked up with faux worry. "Do you think a third time would fix it?"

Jack's face morphed into a sickening smile as Victor hunched forward, spit and snot was dripping out of his face. Jane picked his

head up and looked into his eyes before bringing her pocket knife down on his tied up wrist. He sobbed and cried some more.

"I don't think it's working, Jackie, maybe we should just keep going until his cries stop," Jane's innocent voice rang through the warehouse, eerily, so did Victors screams.

"Please, please, stop," Victor cried out.

"You know what? This one isn't that fun to play with," Jane said wearily, feeling the pain of her loss heavy on her heart. She brought the knife up and slit Victor's throat, his head fell back as his blood dripped down his chest. "I'm bored and I want to go home and grieve."

Jane spun around walking swiftly to the exit. She only had Jack now, and though she loved him, she felt as though he was too emotionally invested in her. They were nearly brother and sister. His father raised her from the streets and made her who she was today.

"Jack," She stated as he started the car. "Arrange for another member to be added to the gang. I don't trust anyone to be promoted to Peter's position. Outside influence only. Speak to everyone you can about recruitment."

Jack whipped his phone out and started dialing, first to get rid of Victor's body. Then to arrange for a meeting with potential new gang members.

Author's Note:

> Hey, guys, it's me with another fic!!! This one is actually pretty serious and I'm planning on getting in depth with it, PLEASE tell me what you think. I love validation and feedback! Where do you want the characters to go? Do you like the development so far? THOUGHTS PLEASE!